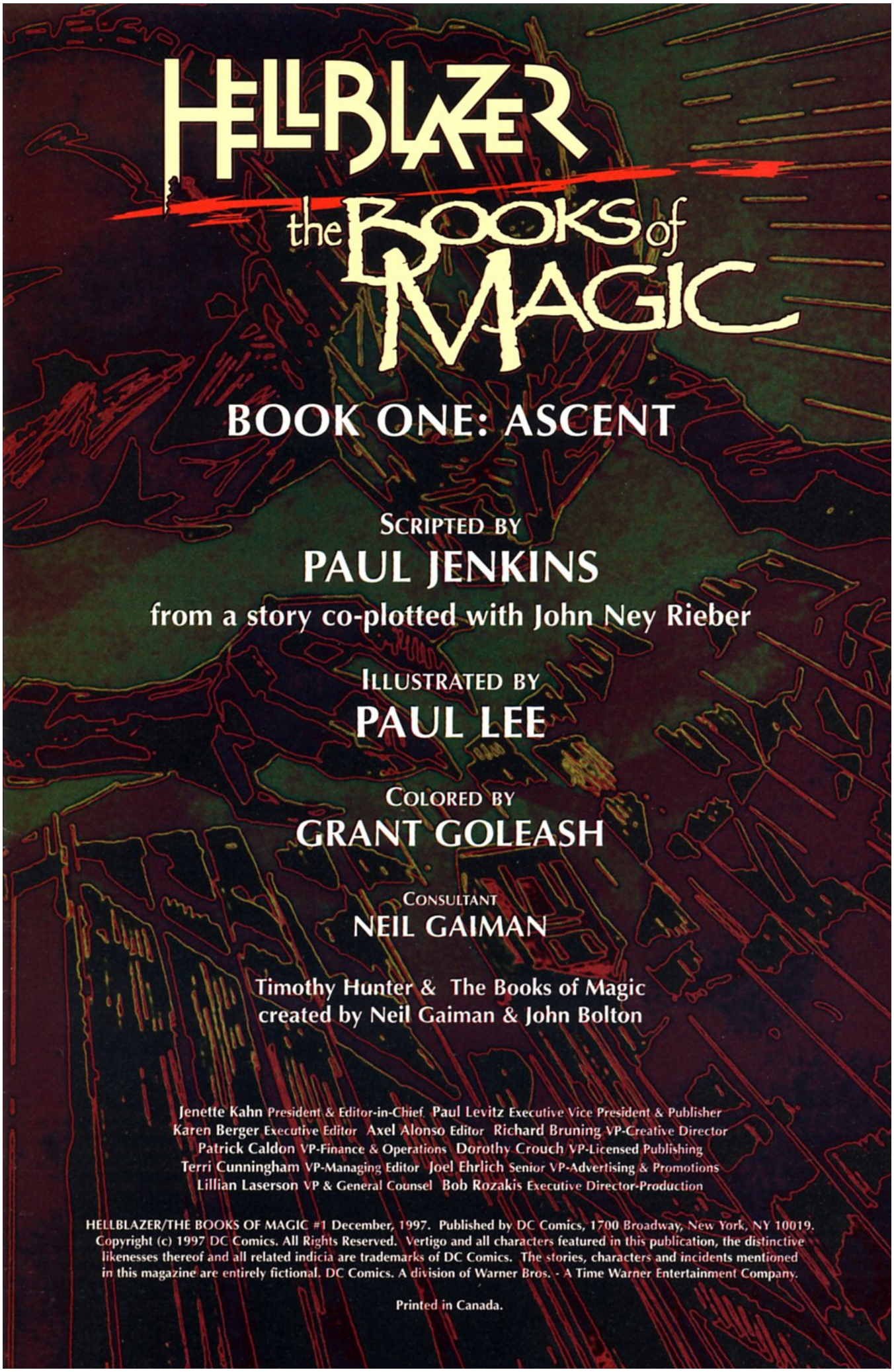
DC
VERTIGO
NO. 1 OF 2
DEC 97
$2.50 US
$3.50 CAN
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
HELLBLAZER
the BOOKS of MAGIC
PAUL JENKINS
JOHN NEY RIEBER
PAUL LEE
DIRECT SALES
00111
7 61941 21208 1



BOOK ONE: ASCENT

SCRIPTED BY
PAUL JENKINS
from a story co-plotted with John Ney Rieber

ILLUSTRATED BY
PAUL LEE

COLORED BY
GRANT GOLEASH

CONSULTANT
NEIL GAIMAN

Timothy Hunter & The Books of Magic
created by Neil Gaiman & John Bolton

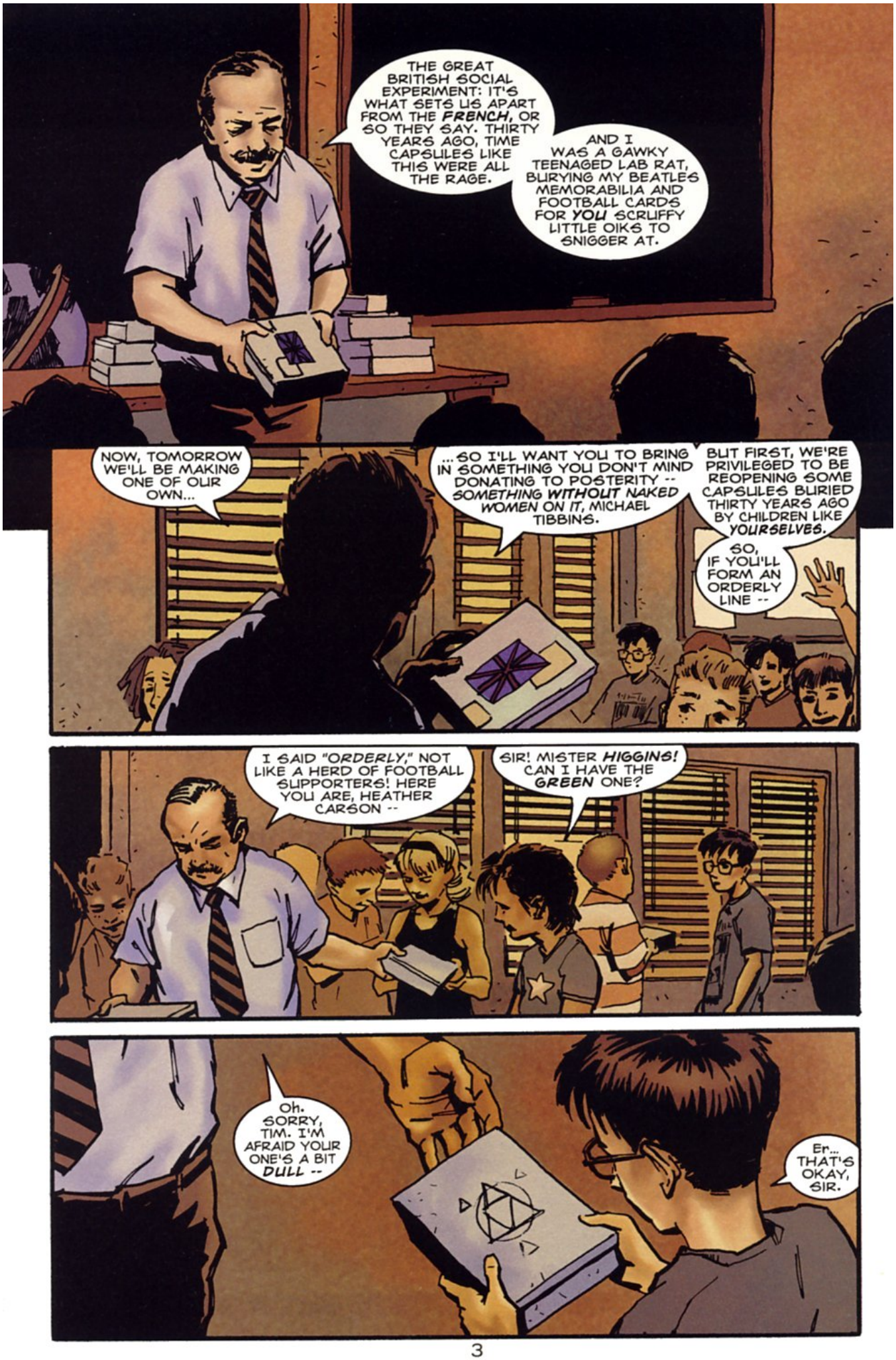
Jenette Kahn President & Editor-in-Chief Paul Levitz Executive Vice President & Publisher
Karen Berger Executive Editor Axel Alonso Editor Richard Bruning VP-Creative Director
Patrick Caldon VP-Finance & Operations Dorothy Crouch VP-Licensed Publishing
Terri Cunningham VP-Managing Editor Joel Ehrlich Senior VP-Advertising & Promotions
Lillian Laserson VP & General Counsel Bob Rozakis Executive Director-Production

HELLBLAZER/THE BOOKS OF MAGIC #1 December, 1997. Published by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.
Copyright (c) 1997 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. Vertigo and all characters featured in this publication, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics. A division of Warner Bros. - A Time Warner Entertainment Company.

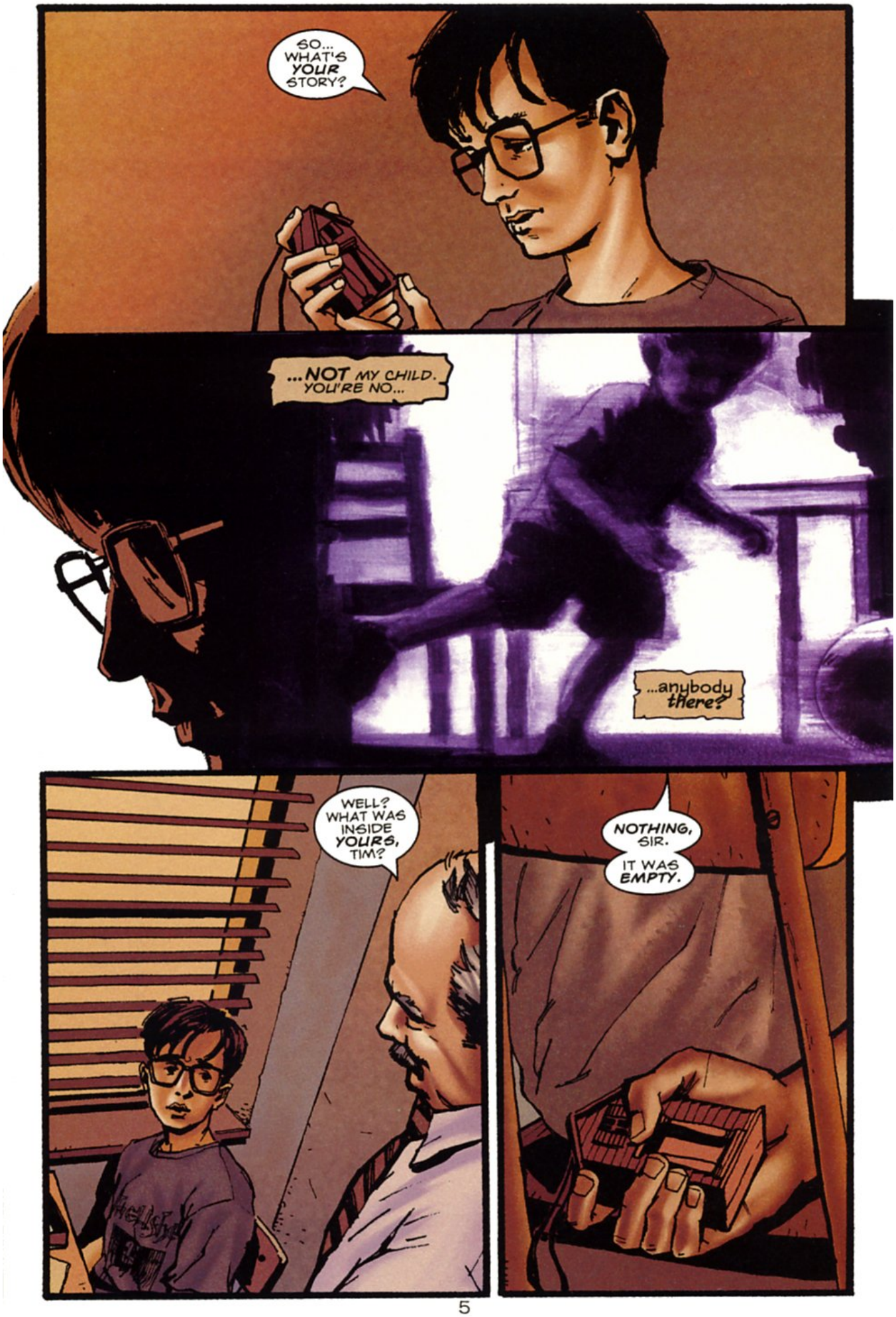
Printed in Canada.

Is anyone comin' out t' play?
I'm bored.
YOU'RE NOT MY CHILD.
YOU'RE NOBODY.
Who wants t' play footie? Eh?
Or cowboys an' injuns. Anybody?
Is anybody there?

IS ANYBODY THERE?
ARE YOU WITH US, TIMOTHY?
NOTICE, CLASS, HOW OUR REDOUBTABLE MISTER HUNTER HAS INFUSED HIS MASTERPIECE WITH A NEAR-FAUVIST VIBRANCY.
WHICH WOULD BE ADMIRABLE, WERE IT NOT FOR THE FACT THAT THIS IS A HISTORY LESSON.
LOOK, I DO WISH YOU LOT WOULD PAY SOME ATTENTION FOR A CHANGE. IT WON'T KILL YOU, YOU KNOW.
IF YOU'D LISTENED DURING THE TERM, I WOULDN'T BE SAYING "I TOLD YOU SO!" IN SUMMER SCHOOL, NOW WOULD I?
UNDAUNTED, HOWEVER, I SHALL DO MY BEST TO MAKE THIS ORDEAL SOMEWHAT BEARABLE, HAVING ONCE BEEN IN YOUR GRUBBY TENNIS SHOES MYSELF.
IT MAY SURPRISE YOU TO LEARN THAT WE HAVE ALL BEEN CHILDREN AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER --
EVEN YOU, SIR?
YES, EVEN ME, KEVIN WATSON.


THE GREAT BRITISH SOCIAL EXPERIMENT: IT'S WHAT SETS US APART FROM THE FRENCH, OR SO THEY SAY. THIRTY YEARS AGO, TIME CAPSULES LIKE THIS WERE ALL THE RAGE.
AND I WAS A GAWKY TEENAGED LAB RAT, BURYING MY BEATLES MEMORABILIA AND FOOTBALL CARDS FOR YOU SCRUFFY LITTLE OIKS TO SNIGGER AT.
NOW, TOMORROW WE'LL BE MAKING ONE OF OUR OWN...
...SO I'LL WANT YOU TO BRING IN SOMETHING YOU DON'T MIND DONATING TO POSTERITY -- SOMETHING WITHOUT NAKED WOMEN ON IT, MICHAEL TIBBINS.
BUT FIRST, WE'RE PRIVILEGED TO BE REOPENING SOME CAPSULES BURIED THIRTY YEARS AGO BY CHILDREN LIKE YOURSELVES.
SO, IF YOU'LL FORM AN ORDERLY LINE --
I SAID "ORDERLY," NOT LIKE A HERD OF FOOTBALL SUPPORTERS! HERE YOU ARE, HEATHER CARSON --
SIR! MISTER HIGGINS! CAN I HAVE THE GREEN ONE?
Oh. SORRY, TIM. I'M AFRAID YOUR ONE'S A BIT DULL --
Er... THAT'S OKAY, SIR.

Tch... THIS IS STUPID --
I THINK IT'S PRETTY SMART...
Urr... IS THAT MICK JAGGER? LOOK HOW UGLY HE WAS --
HEE!


SO... WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
...NOT MY CHILD. YOU'RE NO...
...anybody there?
WELL? WHAT WAS INSIDE YOURS, TIM?
NOTHING, SIR. IT WAS EMPTY.

...SO ANYWAY, HE GOES UP TO THIS WHITE 'ORSE, WHO'S SITTIN' UP AT THE END OF THE BAR, AN' HE SAYS, "THA'S AMAZING! THIS PUB MUST BE NAMED AFTER YOU, RIGHT?"
AN' THE 'ORSE SAYS, "WHAT, 'ERIC'?"
Hehh...

JOHN? WHAT'S A MATTER, HON?
NOTHING, LUV. IT'S NOTHING.

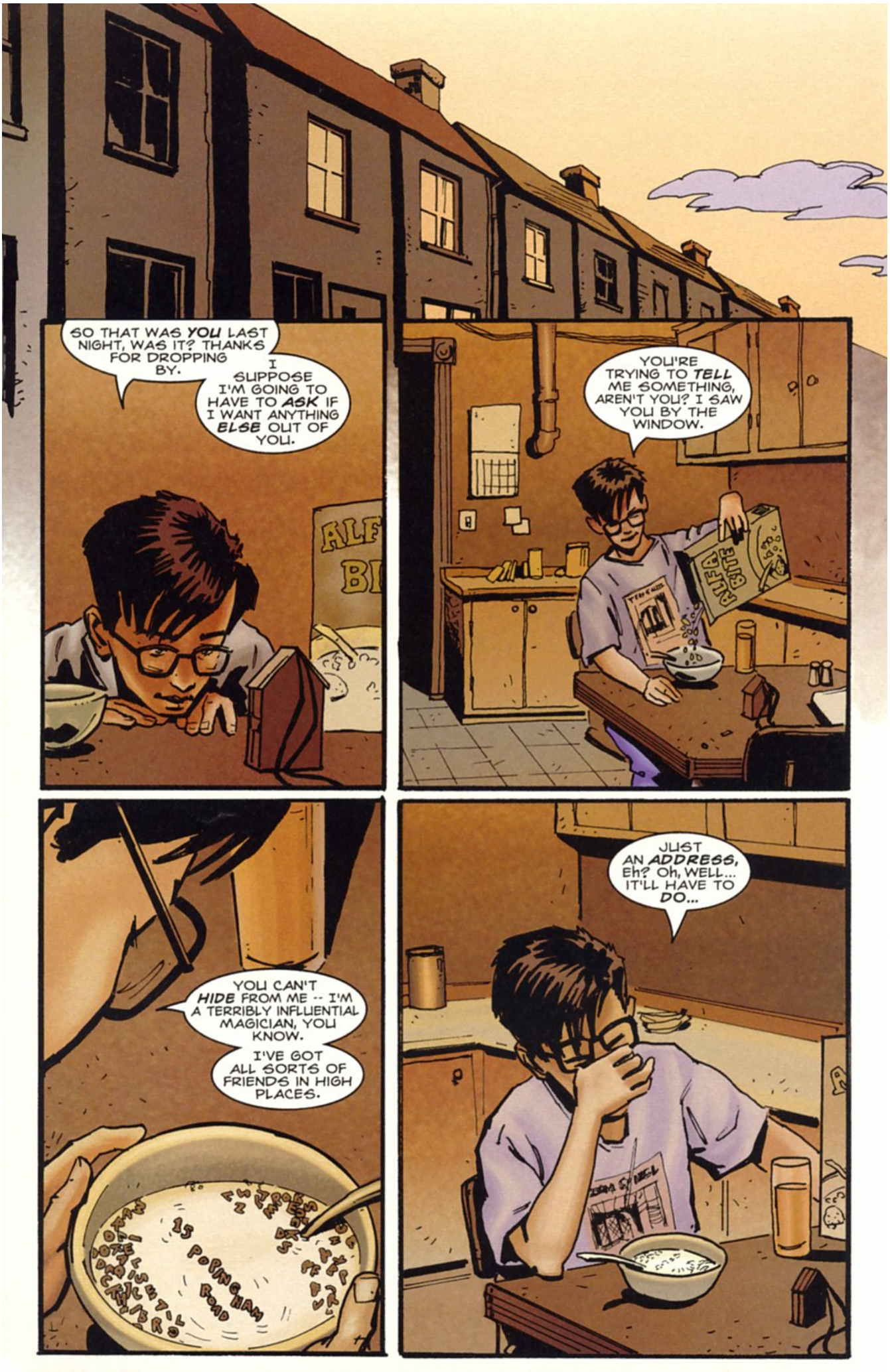
COME ON, THEN... NO SECRETS BETWEEN FRIENDS.
I MEAN, YOU WANTED ME TO FIND YOU, RIGHT?
Aha! THANK YOU!
OKAY, THIS IS A BIT MORE LIKE IT! THAT'S --
-- VERY NICE.
Mmm, YES...IT'S LOVELY.
I 'AD THIS BIG RABBIT ONCE CALLED WILLIAM.
HE WAS REALLY A LEOPARD.
WILL YER LET ME HAVE IT?

Um... THIS? I DON'T THINK IT'S WORTH ANYTHING. ARE YOU HUNGRY?
LIKE A BLEEDIN' 'ORSE, SONNY. I'VE LOST ME BICYCLE, AND ME MIND, SO THEY SAY.
WELL, LOOK... I CAN'T GIVE YOU THIS. I MEAN, IT'S NOT REALLY MINE TO GIVE.
SEE, IT'S... WELL...
LOOK, I'M SUPPOSED TO ASK: PROMISE YOU'LL SPEND IT ON FOOD, OKAY?
RIGHT YOU ARE. GOOD LAD. FOOD.
HSSS
A FOOLISH BOY NOW BECOMES EASY MEAT.

"Who wants t'play war? NO GIRLS! Who wants t'play war? NO GIRLS!
USELESS. LITTLE. BASTARD.
Who wants to play? Who wants to --
Is somebody there?

FUNNY HOW YOU SOMETIMES *REMEMBER* THINGS YOU HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT IN YEARS, INNIT?
YOU KNOW...LIKE CHILDHOOD SOUNDS AND SMELLS. IT'S LIKE RUNNING HEADFIRST INTO SOME IMPENETRABLE WALL OF *NOSTALGIA.*
I GET THAT WHEN I GO BACK TO MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD, JOHN. AIR TASTES LIKE BUBBLEGUM, EVEN THOUGH IT'S PROBABLY JUST *PAINT FUMES* --
EXACTLY, LUV.
I CAN FEEL IT RIGHT *NOW,* DANI -- STUFF I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT, FROM A LONG TIME AGO.
STUFF I THOUGHT I'D *BURIED.*

WH-
WHO'S
THERE?
..?

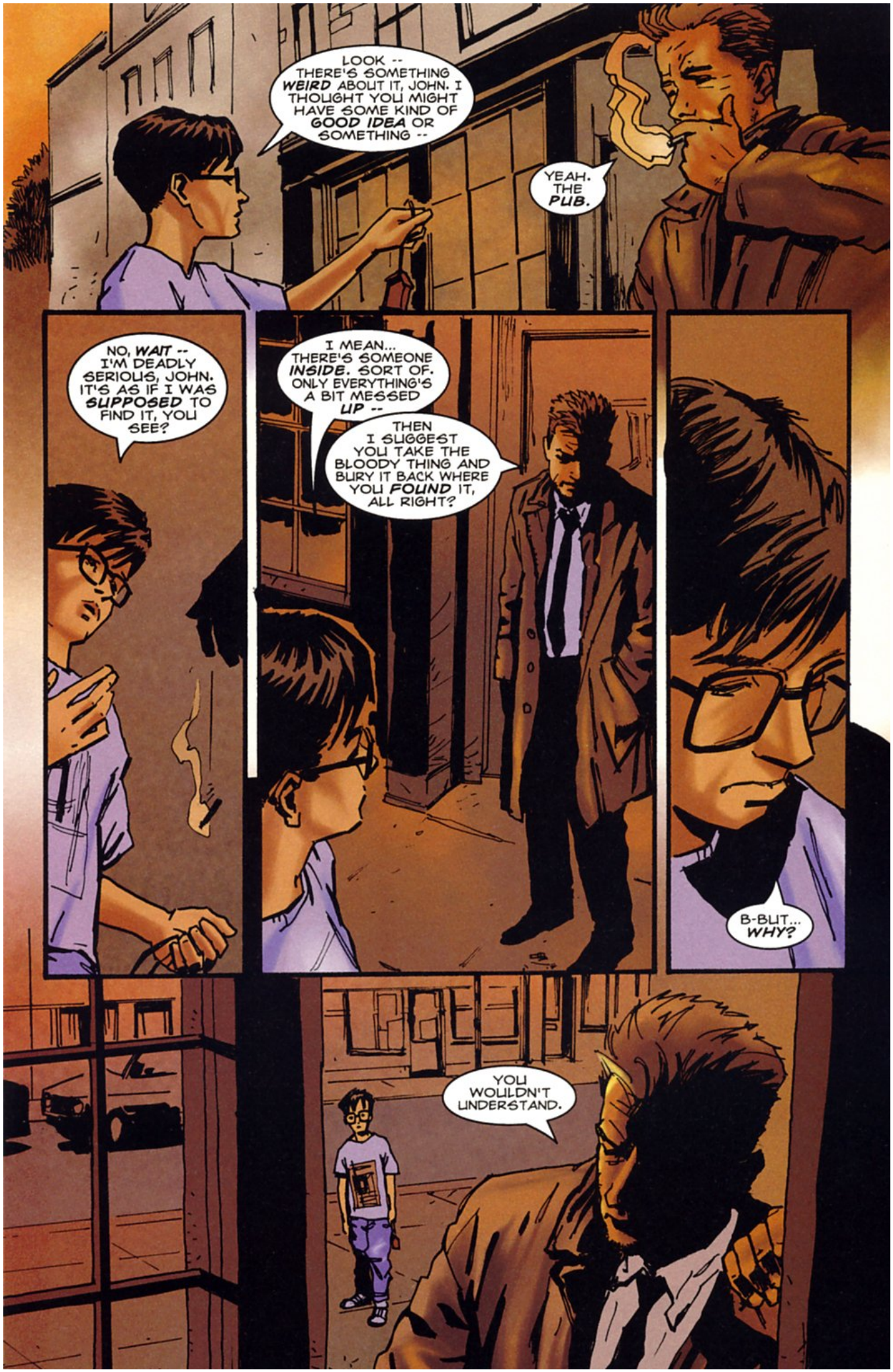

SO THAT WAS YOU LAST NIGHT, WAS IT? THANKS FOR DROPPING BY.
I SUPPOSE I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK IF I WANT ANYTHING ELSE OUT OF YOU.
YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING, AREN'T YOU? I SAW YOU BY THE WINDOW.
YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM ME -- I'M A TERRIBLY INFLUENTIAL MAGICIAN, YOU KNOW.
I'VE GOT ALL SORTS OF FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES.
13 POPINCHAM ROAD
JUST AN ADDRESS, Eh? Oh, WELL... IT'LL HAVE TO DO...

Hrrhh... MORNING, SON. WHO WERE YOU TALKING TO?
JUST MYSELF AGAIN, DAD.
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?
NOTHING.
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE NOTHING, TIMOTHY --
-- IT LOOKS LIKE AN ANTIQUE.
TELL YOU WHAT: I COULD TAKE IT DOWN TO THE SECOND HAND STORE AT HARTLEY'S AND LET BILL COOMBS GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER.
LEAVE IT WITH ME AND I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU'RE AT SCHOOL. TIM --?
I'M NOT GOING TO SCHOOL TODAY, DAD -- I'VE GOT TO GO AND SEE SOMEONE --
#1 DAD

Hmm --?
Aa-hruhh...
TIM?
TIM? IS THAT YOU?
SSS?
SORRY, SON... I MUST'VE OVERSLEPT. I WAS --
Oh.

"IT WAS ON THE GOOD SHIP VEE-NUS! BY CHRIST, YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN-US! THE FIGUREHEAD WAS A WHORE-IN BED...
...AN' THE MAST WAS THE CAPTAIN'S PEE --
HELLO, JOHN. I SHOULD'VE KNOWN IT'D BE YOU --
HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
WELL, IT WAS... I NEEDED TO SEE YOU. IT WAS JUST A LITTLE DIVINING SPELL.
Um. AREN'T YOU EVEN A LITTLE BIT PLEASED TO SEE ME?
NOT REALLY.

WAIT! WHY NOT?
YOU HAVEN'T COME VERY FAR, HAVE YOU? I THOUGHT I'D EXPLAINED ENOUGH FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE RULES.
I HAVE... I DO!
NO YOU DON'T. THE PHONE BOOK'S FREE, TIM. WITH MAGIC, YOU PLAY, YOU PAY.
Oh, BLOODY GREAT! WHAT IS THIS -- AN "I'M-JOHN-CONSTANTINE --SO I'M-IN-CHARGE" SORT OF THING?
YOU-REACT-THE-WAY-I'D-LEAST-EXPECT-JUST-TO-PROVE-A-POINT... THAT SORT OF THING?
NO.
AND STOP SWEARING.
Oh, COME ON, JOHN... I'M SORRY, BUT THE SPELL LED ME TO YOU. I WON'T DO IT AGAIN, OKAY?
BUT I NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK THIS IS --
SEE?


LOOK -- THERE'S SOMETHING *WEIRD* ABOUT IT, JOHN. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE SOME KIND OF *GOOD IDEA* OR SOMETHING --
YEAH. THE *PUB*.
NO, *WAIT* -- I'M DEADLY SERIOUS, JOHN. IT'S AS IF I WAS *SUPPOSED* TO FIND IT, YOU SEE?
I MEAN... THERE'S SOMEONE *INSIDE*. SORT OF. ONLY EVERYTHING'S A BIT MESSED *UP* --
THEN I SUGGEST YOU TAKE THE BLOODY THING AND BURY IT BACK WHERE YOU *FOUND* IT, ALL RIGHT?
B-BUT... *WHY?*
YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

...YOU LITTLE BASTARD! SHOULD'VE BEEN YOU --!
NN-ahh! CHE-RYL!
NOAUHH... -:SNFF:-... S'NOT FAIR... -:AHUHH:- WHY'S OUR DAD SO 'ORRIBLE?
Oh, JOHN, YOU POOR LITTLE SOD.
YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

"YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND! YOU'RE JUST A KID! SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO!"
"DON'T CARE WAS MADE TO CARE --"
WELL I DON'T CARE. SO GOOD BLOODY RIDDANCE TO YOU --
GOOD BOY, TIMOTHY.

'Scuse me, I've been lost.
I can't find me dad. Or me mates.
It's hot in here.
Is that someone out there?
Will you play wiv me? Will yer?
I'D LOVE TO.

LATER, TIM! I'LL BRING THAT BOOK OVER, OKAY?
OKAY! SEEYA!
WHERE IS IT, TIM?
I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO USE MAGIC TO FIND SOMEONE --
I DIDN'T. SO WHERE IS IT?
LOOK, I CAN'T HELP IT IF YOU'VE SUDDENLY DECIDED YOU'RE INTERESTED, JOHN. I'VE...GOT SOMEONE ELSE HELPING ME NOW, OKAY?
YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.
IT WAS ME, TIM.

W-WHAT WAS?
THE LOCKET. IT WAS ME. I BURIED IT.
"A LOT OF... STUFF HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I WAS LITTLE, SON. YOU KNOW THE STORY: BAD KID, BAD FATHER, BAD NEWS.
"BY THE TIME I WAS YOUR AGE, IT'D TORN ME UP! I THOUGHT I WAS A RIGHT LITTLE TRICKSTER... SO I DECIDED TO PUT THE NASTY MEMORIES AWAY FOR GOOD.
" IT WAS ONE OF MY FIRST ATTEMPTS AT MAGIC. ONE DAY AT SCHOOL... I THOUGHT I'D PROTECT MYSELF IF I PUT MY INNOCENCE AND VULNERABILITY AND MY BLOODY CHILDHOOD NAIVETE IN A BOX.
"SEE, THE BEST WAY TO DEAL WITH PAIN... IS TO HIDE IT.
"AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I DID."
PROBLEM IS, I FORGOT ABOUT IT AND NOW IT SEEMS TO BE TRYING TO FIND ITS WAY BACK.
SO WHERE IS IT?
JOHN, I... I THREW IT AWAY. BUT I CAN GET IT BACK --

I --
NOT WITH MAGIC, YOU WON'T. YOU KNOW HOW BLOODY DANGEROUS IT IS --
Oh FOR GOD'S SAKE WILL YOU STOP BLOODY CONDESCENDING? I JUST THREW IT IN THE RUBBISH, THAT'S ALL...
...SO THIS SPELL...
...WILL SHOW US...
...WHERE THEY'VE TAKEN IT!

Oh. HELL.
EXACTLY.
TO BE CONCLUDED

DC
VERTIGO
NO. 2 OF 2
JAN 98
$2.50 US
$3.50 CAN
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
HELLBLAZER™
the BOOKS of MAGIC™
DIRECT SALES
00211
7 61941 21208 1
PAUL JENKINS
JOHN NEY RIEBER
PAUL LEE

HELLBLAZER

the BOOKS of MAGIC™

BOOK TWO: DESCENT

SCRIPTED BY
PAUL JENKINS
from a story co-plotted with John Ney Rieber

ILLUSTRATED BY
PAUL LEE

COLORED BY
GRANT GOLEASH

Lettered by
COMICRAFT

CONSULTANT
NEIL GAIMAN

Timothy Hunter & The Books of Magic
created by Neil Gaiman & John Bolton

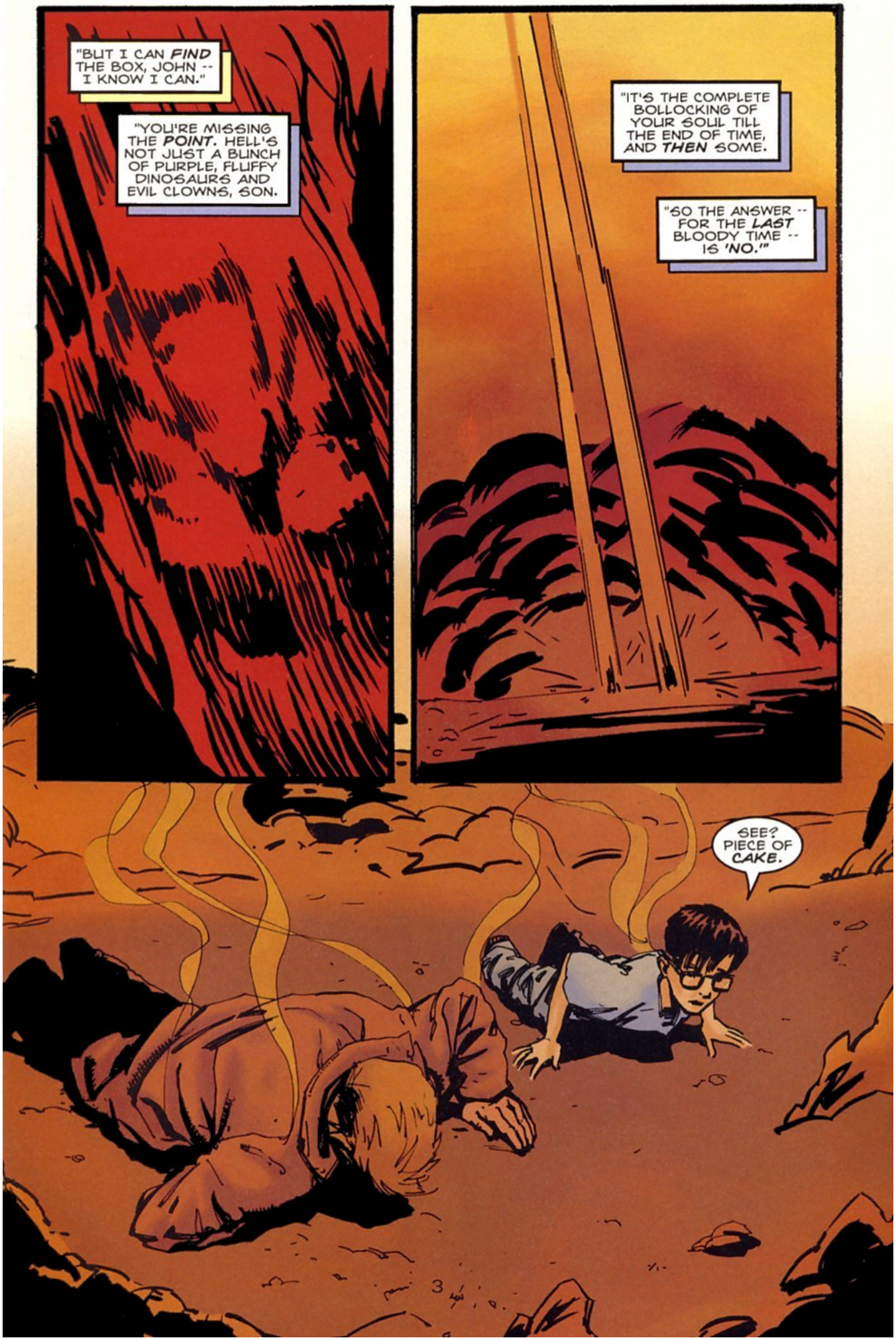
Jenette Kahn President & Editor-in-Chief Paul Levitz Executive Vice President & Publisher
Karen Berger Executive Editor Axel Alonso Editor Richard Bruning VP-Creative Director
Patrick Caldon VP-Finance & Operations Dorothy Crouch VP-Licensed Publishing
Terri Cunningham VP-Managing Editor Joel Ehrlich Senior VP-Advertising & Promotions
Lillian Laserson VP & General Counsel Bob Rozakis Executive Director-Production

HELLBLAZER/THE BOOKS OF MAGIC #2. January, 1998. Published by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.
Copyright © 1997 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. Vertigo and all characters featured in this publication, the distinctive likenesses thereof and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. DC Comics. A division of Warner Bros. - A Time Warner Entertainment Company.

Printed in Canada.

"NO WAY. NOT IN A MILLION YEARS."
"BUT JOHN... I CAN HANDLE IT. I'VE BEEN THERE --"
"NOT TO MY HELL, YOU HAVEN'T."
"WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?"
"MINE'S A LOT FURTHER DOWN THAN YOURS.

"LOOK, I KNOW YOU *THINK* YOU'VE BEEN THERE, BUT YOU *HAVEN'T.* YOU'VE JUST BEEN TO *YOUR* VERSION.
"I'VE BEEN ROUND THE BLOCK A FEW MORE TIMES THAN YOU, TIM. MINE'S MORE DANGEROUS -- IT'S WHERE I'LL BE PAYING ONE DAY FOR A LOT OF STUPID MISTAKES AND BAD MEMORIES."
"WHAT'S *THAT* SUPPOSED TO MEAN? *WHAT* MEMORIES?"
"FORGET IT."


"BUT I CAN FIND THE BOX, JOHN -- I KNOW I CAN."
"YOU'RE MISSING THE POINT. HELL'S NOT JUST A BUNCH OF PURPLE, FLUFFY DINOSAURS AND EVIL CLOWNS, SON.
"IT'S THE COMPLETE BOLLOCKING OF YOUR SOUL TILL THE END OF TIME, AND THEN SOME.
"SO THE ANSWER -- FOR THE LAST BLOODY TIME -- IS 'NO.'"
SEE? PIECE OF CAKE.

NO VISITORS ARE PERMITTED FOR THE DAMNED. DOUBTLESS, THESE TWO SEEK AUDIENCE.
HOW APROPOS. AND ONE OF THEM GREATLY RESEMBLES THE REDOUBTABLE JOHN CONSTANTINE, NO LESS.
WHO HAS BROUGHT ANOTHER CHILD WITH HIM.
HOW THOUGHTFUL.

WHAT DO THEY MEAN, JOHN?
LONG STORY, SON.
REMEMBER WHAT I SAID, TIM: THIS HELL'S INTRINSIC TO ME. YOU'RE EXPOSED HERE, SO BE CAREFUL.
RIGHT. RIGHT.
LIES DO NOT BECOME YOU, CONSTANTINE. NOR HALF TRUTHS. WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE BOY?
YES. HE WOULD BE BETTER PREPARED AGAINST US IF HE KNEW THE FATE OF THE OTHER CHILD YOU BROUGHT HERE, Hmm?
Hehh... YOU LOT NEVER FAIL TO AMUSE ME.
APPARENTLY, YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHO MY MATE IS, OR HOW DANGEROUS HE GETS WHEN HE'S NERVOUS.
THAT'S PRETTY STUPID, EVEN FOR AN ASH TRAY.

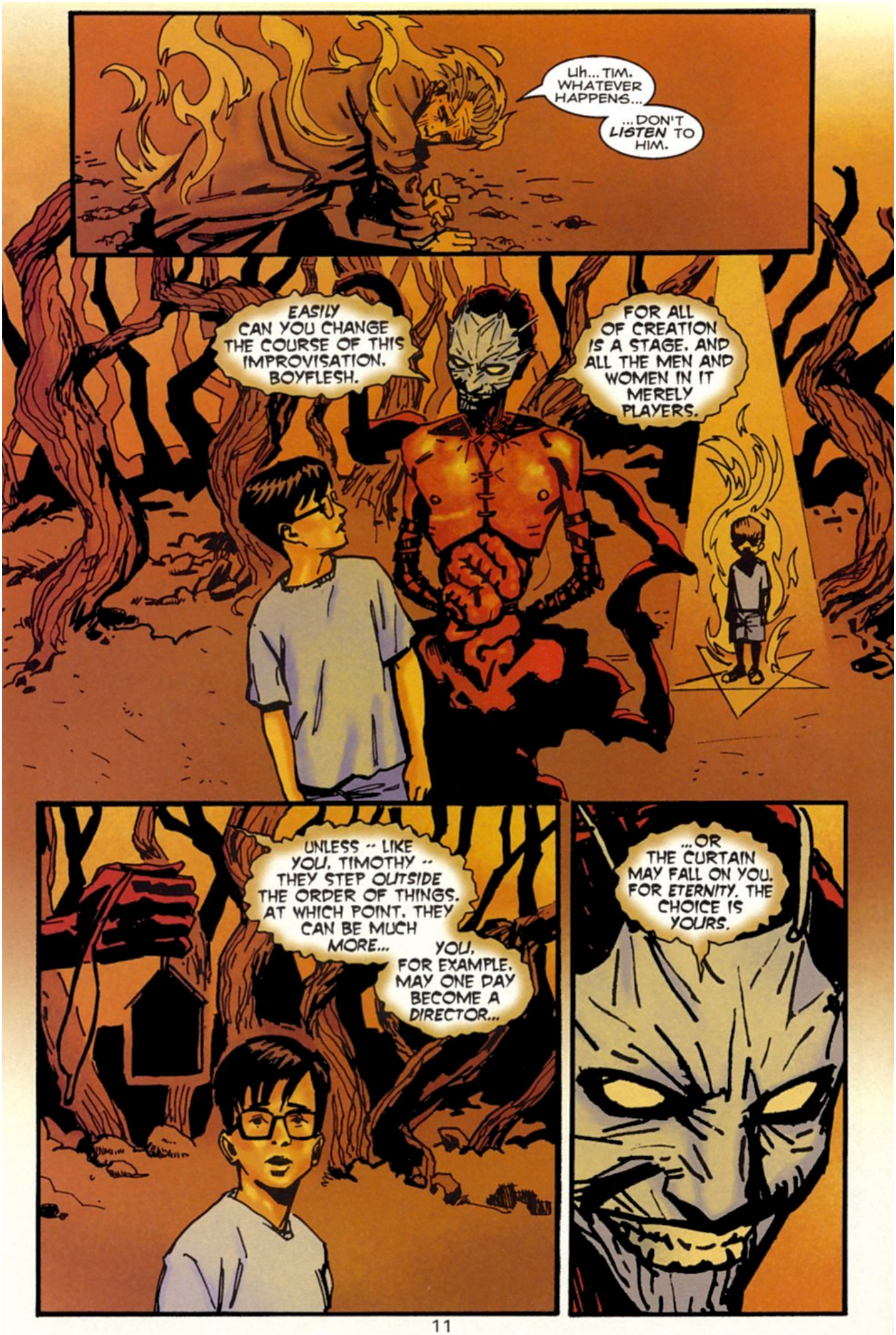
BLIMEY, IT'S THE CLEARASIL POSTER CHILD --!
YOU DARE COME INTO THE THEATRE OF KOBAL AND ASSAULT HIS USHER? YOU DARE? YOU HAVE JUST PENNED THE SCRIPT FOR YOUR OWN DAMNATION, THRICE OVER --
AND YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME YOUR MASTER'S NAME, YOU DAFT BASTARD.
BETTER MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE Eh?
IF IT IS KOBAL, I'VE HEARD HE CAN GET A BIT MOODY WHEN HIS BOYS MAKE SOPPY MISTAKES.
DEMONS, Eh? THICK AS SHIT, AN' TWICE AS UGLY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WIND 'EM UP A BIT AND OFF THEY GO.
IT'S ALL IN HOW YOU CARRY YOURSELF DOWN HERE, SEE?

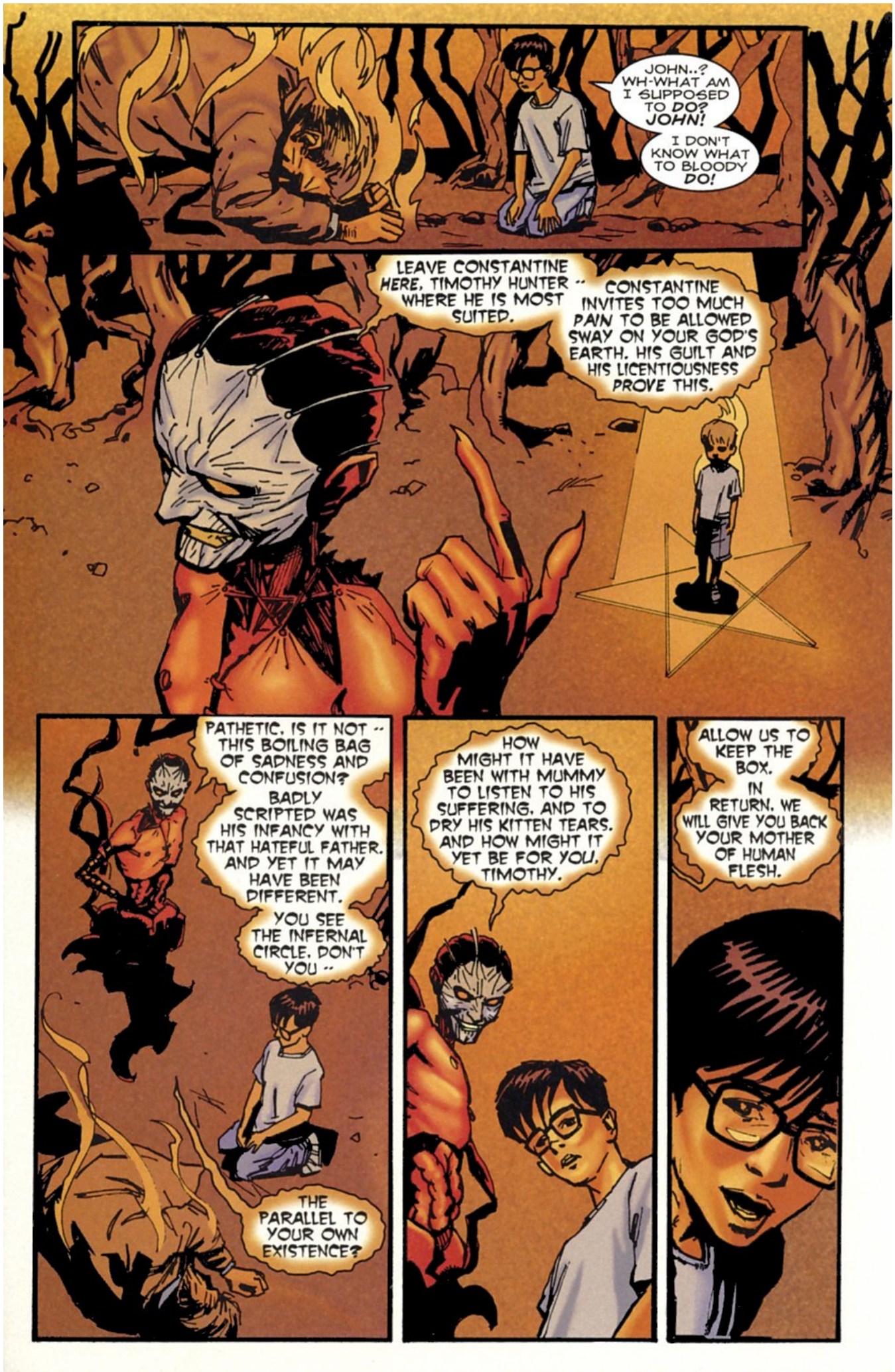
Um. ARE WE REALLY HERE, D'YOU THINK, JOHN? I MEAN, PHYSICALLY?
I DUNNO... YOU DONE EXISTENTIALISM IN SCHOOL YET?
LOOK, IT DOESN'T MATTER. JUST REMEMBER, SON: EVERYTHING'S A LIE.
THIS KOBAL -- HE'S A NASTY PIECE OF WORK.
IN HELL, HE'S THE MASTER OF THE INFERNAL THEATRE...
...ONLY HIS LOT ARE NOT MUCH IN THE WAY OF ENTERTAINERS. IT'S WHAT THEY CALL A VISCERAL PARADOX.
SSS... BOYYY...
WHAT'SS THE MAATTERR? SSSCAREDD?
WOULDN'T YOU CARE TO REST AWHILE WITH US?
FOR IN THIS PETRIFIED FOREST, WE HAVE YOUR MUMMY-FLESH --!
7

NNN --!
DEMONS BE GONE!
WELL, THAT'S JUST BLOODY BRILLIANT, THAT IS. I ASK YOU TO BE CAREFUL, AND YOU RESPOND WITH THE TUNGUSKA FUCKING EXPLOSION --
SORRY. I...I DIDN'T MEAN IT.
Oh, WELL...NO PROBLEM, THEN! I MEAN, USING HIGH-LEVEL MAGIC IN HELL MIGHT HAVE THE ODD REPERCUSSION, BUT YOU'RE SORRY, SO THAT MAKES IT ALL RIGHT!
CHRIST, TIM. IF YOU WANT ME TO TREAT YOU LIKE AN ADULT, BLOODY WELL ACT LIKE ONE.
YOU'RE DOING IT AGAIN -- COVERING UP STUFF BY CONFUSING ME. IT DOESN'T OCCUR TO YOU THAT SOME OF US DON'T MAKE A LIVING OUT OF THIS KIND OF THING?
PATIENCE, TIMOTHY...

YOUR TIME AS A PLAYER IS SURELY AT HAND.

THIS IS THE PRIZE YOU SEEK--FOR WHICH YOU VOLUNTEER TO MY STAGE?
THEN YOU HAVE MY THANKS. FOR SURELY IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A TEDIOUS CHORE TO TRICK YOU INTO COMING HERE.
YOURS. CONSTANTINE, IS A SOUL OF MUCH WORTH.
I CAN THINK OF MANY WHO WOULD BARTER FOR IT.
AND I HAVE IT. OR AT LEAST THE MOST VITAL PIECE.
BOLLOCKS, YOU FAT SHIT. MY SOUL'S NOT YOURS TO MANIPULATE --
NOT YET...
BUT YOUR CHILDHOOD ESSENCE IS MINE.
AAHH!
NNN --!
...THAT THE BEST YOU CAN DO?


Uh... TIM. WHATEVER HAPPENS...
...DON'T LISTEN TO HIM.
EASILY CAN YOU CHANGE THE COURSE OF THIS IMPROVISATION. BOYFLESH.
FOR ALL OF CREATION IS A STAGE. AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN IN IT MERELY PLAYERS.
UNLESS -- LIKE YOU, TIMOTHY -- THEY STEP OUTSIDE THE ORDER OF THINGS. AT WHICH POINT, THEY CAN BE MUCH MORE...
YOU, FOR EXAMPLE, MAY ONE DAY BECOME A DIRECTOR...
...OR THE CURTAIN MAY FALL ON YOU. FOR ETERNITY. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.


JOHN..? WH-WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO? JOHN!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BLOODY DO!
LEAVE CONSTANTINE HERE, TIMOTHY HUNTER -- WHERE HE IS MOST SUITED.
CONSTANTINE INVITES TOO MUCH PAIN TO BE ALLOWED SWAY ON YOUR GOD'S EARTH. HIS GUILT AND HIS LICENTIOUSNESS PROVE THIS.
PATHETIC. IS IT NOT -- THIS BOILING BAG OF SADNESS AND CONFUSION?
BADLY SCRIPTED WAS HIS INFANCY WITH THAT HATEFUL FATHER. AND YET IT MAY HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.
YOU SEE THE INFERNAL CIRCLE, DON'T YOU --
THE PARALLEL TO YOUR OWN EXISTENCE?
HOW MIGHT IT HAVE BEEN WITH MUMMY TO LISTEN TO HIS SUFFERING, AND TO DRY HIS KITTEN TEARS. AND HOW MIGHT IT YET BE FOR YOU, TIMOTHY.
ALLOW US TO KEEP THE BOX.
IN RETURN, WE WILL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR MOTHER OF HUMAN FLESH.

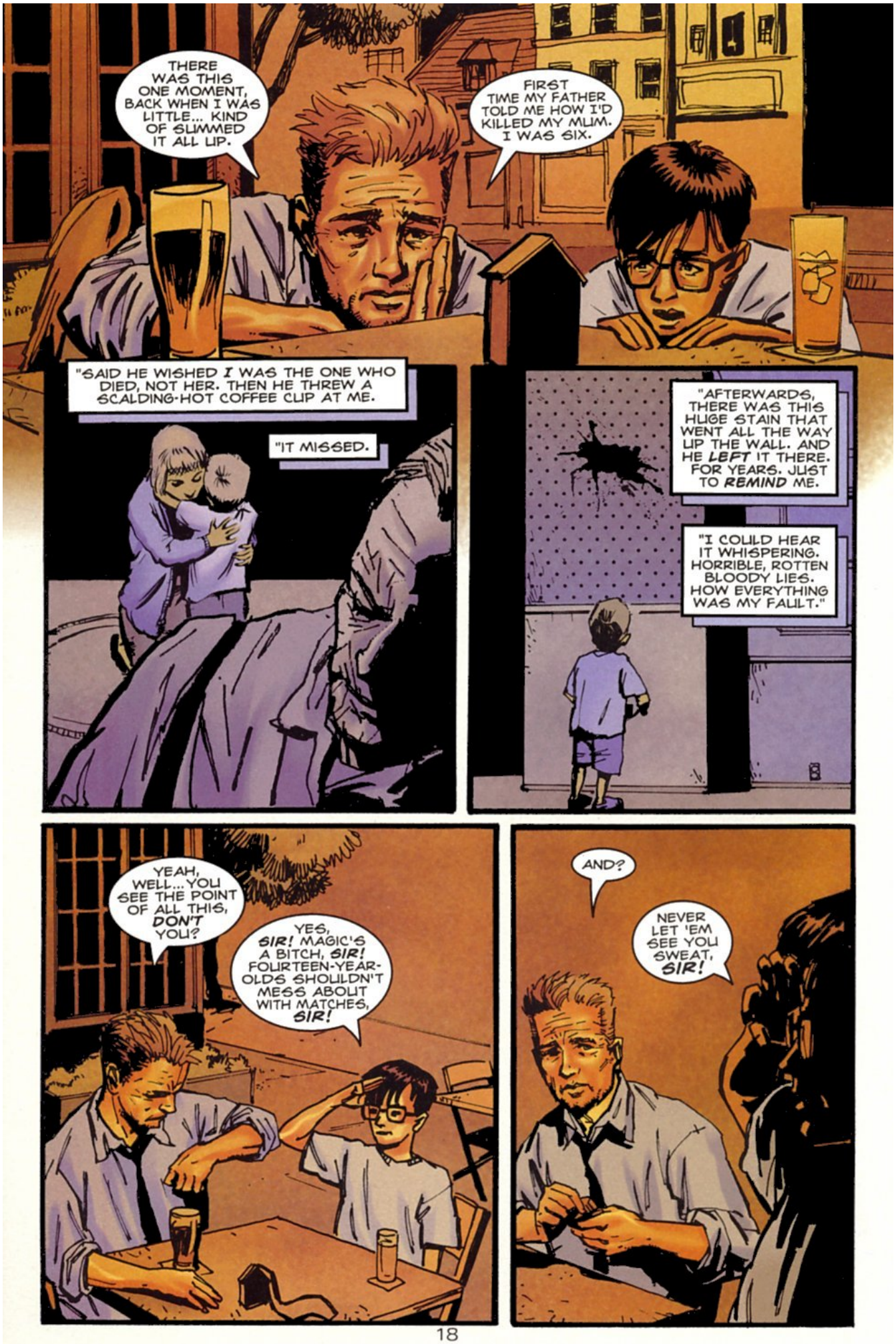
OH. YES. YOU WANT HER BACK. I FEEL IT --
TIM, HE'S... LYING.
THEY ALWAYS LIE.
LOOK -- IT'S A DEAL. JUST LET JOHN GO, OKAY?
OH. I PROMISE! JUST COME TO OUR SIDE... THAT'S IT... GOOD LITTLE BOYFLESH.
OH. IRONY OF DELICIOUS IRONIES. JOHN CONSTANTINE -- TO COME INTO HELL WITH YET ANOTHER CHARGE. AND TO LOSE IT.
AND TO LOSE YOUR OWN CHILDHOOD WITH IT. NOW. ALL OF YOUR CHILDREN ARE GIVEN ROLES IN MY COMÉDIE LARMOYANT...
Oh, REALLY?

YOU CAN NEVER GET ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING, Eh?
WHAT?
I SAID: "YOU CAN NEVER GET ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING, EH?"
ME, FOR EXAMPLE --
W-WHAT HAVE YOU DONE --?
I'VE GIVEN YOU WHAT YOU WANT -- CEMENTED OUR DEAL WITH A HANDSHAKE. LITERALLY.
THE MAGIC'S A BIT DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN, BUT YOU AND ME ARE STUCK TOGETHER LIKE SIAMESE TWINS NOW.
I WOULDN'T TRY TO SHAKE ME OFF, IF I WERE YOU. NOT IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, ANYWAY...
BLIMEY. THIS IS A BIT AWKWARD, ISN'T IT?

YOU HAVE NOT THE *SKILL* TO WRITE SUCH AN ENDING --
YOU *WISH*.
I'LL GRANT YOU I'M ONLY FOURTEEN, BUT I WASN'T BORN *YESTERDAY*.
FIRST OF ALL, MY MUM COULDN'T POSSIBLY *BE* IN THIS PLACE, SO IF YOU THINK I'D FALL FOR *THAT* ONE, YOU'RE DAFTER THAN YOU LOOK.
'COURSE, YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK EVEN DAFTER WALKING AROUND -- FOR *ALL ETERNITY* -- HAND IN HAND WITH SOME FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD PENCIL-NECKED GEEK!
GOING TO BE A BIT DIFFICULT TO GET ANYWHERE IN THE OLD INFERNAL SOCIAL SCENE, ISN'T IT?
FACE IT: I'VE GOT YOU UP THE STYX WITHOUT A PADDLE. LET'S SEE IF YOU HAVE THE SENSE TO START SWIMMING.
GIVE ME THE LOCKET.

I'LL SLICE UP YOUR SOUL --
YEAH, YEAH. THE LOCKET.
YOU KNOW, I WAS NEVER REALLY AFRAID OF YOU -- NOT EVEN A LITTLE BIT.
I MEAN, THIS ISN'T MY HELL, IS IT?
SO NOW ME AND JOHN ARE GOING HOME, AND WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE LOCKET...
...AND YOU'RE GOING TO CRY INTO YOUR BEER OR PIG'S BLOOD OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU CRY INTO.
Oh, AND ONE OTHER THING...
YOU CAN BLOODY WELL FUCK OFF!

Ha, Hehh... HA HA HA! YOU LITTLE BEAUTY!
COME ON, THEN, MATEY. IN YOU GO --
CONSTANTINE --
MADE YOU LOOK LIKE A RIGHT WANKER, DIDN'T HE?
YOU KNOW, I JUST HAD A THOUGHT: SINCE THIS IS MY HELL, MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T EVEN EXIST WITHOUT ME.
YOU OUGHT TO GIVE THAT SOME THOUGHT NEXT TIME YOU'RE SPOILING FOR A PUNCH-UP.
Haw! Hehh...


THERE WAS THIS ONE MOMENT, BACK WHEN I WAS LITTLE... KIND OF SUMMED IT ALL UP.
FIRST TIME MY FATHER TOLD ME HOW I'D KILLED MY MUM. I WAS SIX.
"SAID HE WISHED I WAS THE ONE WHO DIED, NOT HER. THEN HE THREW A SCALDING-HOT COFFEE CUP AT ME.
"IT MISSED.
"AFTERWARDS, THERE WAS THIS HUGE STAIN THAT WENT ALL THE WAY UP THE WALL. AND HE LEFT IT THERE. FOR YEARS. JUST TO REMIND ME.
"I COULD HEAR IT WHISPERING. HORRIBLE, ROTTEN BLOODY LIES. HOW EVERYTHING WAS MY FAULT."
YEAH, WELL... YOU SEE THE POINT OF ALL THIS, DON'T YOU?
YES, SIR! MAGIC'S A BITCH, SIR! FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLDS SHOULDN'T MESS ABOUT WITH MATCHES, SIR!
AND?
NEVER LET 'EM SEE YOU SWEAT, SIR!

ALL RIGHT, I GET YOUR POINT.
COCKY LITTLE SOD.
SERIOUSLY, THOUGH... YOU CAN'T JUST BUGGER ABOUT WITH MAGIC ANYMORE, TIM. YOU TOOK ON THE RESPONSIBILITY, SO YOU...
...YOU ...
YOU LITTLE GIT! YOU WERE BLUFFING DOWN THERE, WEREN'T YOU?
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW --
-:Brauff!:-
-- WILL YOU?

HERE.
W-WHAT --?
JOHN, I-I CAN'T. I MEAN... I DON'T WANT IT.
FIRST RULE OF MAGIC, SON: YOU RECTIFY YOUR MISTAKES RIGHT AFTER YOU MAKE THEM.
THAT WAY, YOU DON'T KEEP MAKING THEM OVER AND OVER AGAIN. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW.
BUT JOHN...I CAN LET YOU HAVE IT BACK-- YOUR KID STUFF -- IF YOU WANT IT.

I DON'T! I CAN'T!
IT'S CALLED CLOSURE, SON. YOU OPEN UP A CAN OF WORMS, YOU PUT 'EM ALL BACK IN, Eh?
BUT WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

I CAN'T JUST DO IT LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW. I MEAN, I'M NOT JOHN.
I CAN'T JUST THROW YOU AWAY.
I KNOW... I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO INTERFERE IN CASE I MAKE THINGS WORSE.
AND I'M DEFINITELY NOT SUPPOSED TO USE MAGIC.
BUT WHAT IF IT'S THE RIGHT MAGIC?

"HELLO OVER THERE! I'M JUST REACHING INSIDE THE GATES, OKAY? NO PROBLEM OVER HERE."
"NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, OR ANYTHING."
THANKS.
JUST DOING AN OLD FRIEND A FAVOR.

My name's John. What's yours?
D'yer... I mean... d'yer wanna play some footie? I'm a brill goalie, I am!
End